THE POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?---
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing----but their praise? SAT. 1.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

O D E S.

ODE, OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA-SERVICE.

I THINK myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance, and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a work as the increaſe and encouragement of our ſeamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country as oft' as occaſion ſhall require it; a conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of a people great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the caſe of Greenwich Hoſpital, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country. Speech, Jan. 27. 172$\frac{7}{8}$.

TO THE KING. MDCCXXVIII.

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great
I dare complete, B
[illegible] King.

A

II.

The Roman ode
Majeſtic flow'd,
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong
In ſenſe and ſound
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

IV.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat:
At every ſtroke the work refines!

VII.

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since while life laſts
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance;

X.

Nor life is long,
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid ſhore;
We make at leaſt
Of bad the beſt,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we ſoar.

XI.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we lift to life we live;
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun?
" Juſtice ſincere,
" And courage clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for ſway!
" Who look obey,
" They read the monarch in his port:
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law,
" And his own luſtre makes the court."

XIV.

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines? and ſhines alone.
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun; 'tis Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The ſea, pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth and ſtate,
And pow'r and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their hands.
Pſal. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All Nature ſtill
But yonder rill,
And liſt'ning pines nod o'er my head.

II.

In proſpect wide
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze
The curling ſeas
Dance on in meaſure to the ſhore.

III.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war,
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors ſwell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pœan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aſpire?
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire,
With voice and ſhell, to lift it high.

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair,
Their verdant treſſes pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet:
The main! the main!
Be Britain's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syrens ſweet.

IX.

Thro' Nature wide
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure or ſurpriſe;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene?
How dreadful when the billows riſe!

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia, fair,
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air!

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And, huſh'd in peace,
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread,
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas?
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar,
And every canvaſs courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My ſhudd'ring ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon' flying bark!
Now centre-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high,
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now ſpins around
In whirls profound;
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
Now ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds.

XVI.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the ſeas and ſkies:
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O Deep! and the blue concave lies.

XVII.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters' ſhock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm
Which keep her warm
In chaſe of honeſt gain or fame.

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To cheer the night,
And ſhed, thro' ſhadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames,
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outſhone;
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, ſet in green,
Gold ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver ſnow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the watry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore;
The tempeſts riſe
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him, breathleſs, on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains;
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold," he cries;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry vaſt!
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleaſure buys;
But pleaſure dies;
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys;
Tho' raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Tho' fates reſiſt,
An unprecarious, endleſs bliſs!

XXX.

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Senſe.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor Civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous paſſions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main ;
Which tow'ring roſe,
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To re-inflame a grand deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon' fabric fair*,
As Nature's roſe at the divine.

* A new fund for Greenwich Hoſpital, recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When Nature ſprung
Bleſs'd angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſt'rous ſeas,
The lap of Eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempeſt, ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl
They fire the ſoul
Of liſt'ning youth to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falſely gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs:
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting mariner regains,
What tranſport flows
From bare repoſe?
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye Warlike! ſlain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watry windingſheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet *.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can Death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

* Written ſoon after K. George I.'s acceſſion.

XLIII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell,
That all your watry realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

XLIV.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heav'n beſpoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

XLVI.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſt fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign ſoils
Pours in the boſom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence Britain lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory ſprings.

XLIX.

Thus Ocean ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high,
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

containing

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

My Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen climes to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

To dive full deep in ancient days *,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raiſe,
And monarchs aggrandize,—the glory thine;
Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to ſound;——
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be mine.

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

III.

But where's his dolphin? know'ſt thou where?—
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong? Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," ſay'ſt thou, "who courts my ſmile?
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle?"—
No ſtranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet Downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who ſooth'd with gentle rhymes.

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong:
Who half-inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſong.

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were gray:
How ſhortly ſhall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden key.

VII.

The preſent, in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-fluſh'd Succeſs, and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gaiety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid, Moments! ſtay:
Oh, Friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Tho' nothing ſtrikes the liſt'ning ear;
Time groans his laſt; Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires
Than once prevail'd: we ſtand on higher ground:
What ſcenes we ſee!—Exalted aim!
With ardours new our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſs'd! with more than laurels crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

In lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke;
'Tis mean to boaſt, but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition ſprings:
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Haſtes the huge oak, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain pines aſſume new forms,
Spread canvaſs-wings, and fly thro' ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

Sھe nods again; the lab'ring earth
Difclofes a tremendous birth;
In fmoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monfters of enormous fize,
And hideous afpect, threat'ning rife;
Flame from the deck from trembling baftions roar.

V.

Thefe minifters of Fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an ifland's will,
When thrones unjuftwake vengeance. Know, ye Pow'rs!
In fudden night, and pond'rous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeft falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful fenate low'rs.

VI.

In her grand council * fhe furveys,
In patriot picture, what may raife,
Of infolent attempts, a warm difdain;
From Hope's triumphant fummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, fwiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia fheaths her courage keen,
And fpares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon flumber, till the proud afpire,
And leave all law below them; then they blaze!
They thunder from refounding feas,
Touch'd by their injur'd mafter's foul of fire.

* Houfe of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies, and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of Nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts,
And leave ſing'd,naked,blood-drown'd,decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
There War's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
How her ſtorms languiſh on the Continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient War
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terrors to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds,their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or ſee I Vulcan's ſooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call:
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe bawbles fall,
Yon' ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin; and, firſt, take rapid flight *,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickeſt night,
And ghaſtly terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour

* Alluding to Virgil's deſcription of thunder.

Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

In which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake,
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords. O Pow'r Divine!
If bleſs'd by thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe, by Fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious Chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too feeble to ſuſtain,
Or firm to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!——
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is Wiſdom, and how weak is Might?

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath more formidable far
" Than angry Nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
" To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou! to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou can'ſt arreſt the flying ball,
" Or ſend it back, and bid it fall
" On thoſe from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes remote * for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe:
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
" To rouze or huſh the martial ſtorm,
" And turn the tide of conqueſt at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from Death to free,
" To turn aſide his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" There we caſt anchor, we confide in thee.

XI.

" Thou! who haſt taught the North to roar,
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze,
" And George depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

* Ruſſia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII.

" The right alone is bold and ſtrong;
" Black hov'ring clouds appal the wrong
" With dread of vengeance.—Nature's awful Sire!
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt thou frown,
" Where is Puiſſance and Renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let George the Juſt chaſtiſe the vain.
" Thou! who doſt curb the rebel main,
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid George repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of Gallic pride,
" And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withſtood)
" Ambition tam'd by loſs of blood
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels' wings,
" Let Peace deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
" How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
" The poiſe of kingdoms and the fate of kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI:

A NAVAL LYRIC.

Written in imitation of

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, *and the succeeding peace.*

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.
Concines laetosque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu. HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good writing in every province than in the ſublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real intereſt, or poſſible glory, of his country than before, or a ſtronger impreſſion from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and tranſlations that paſs for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the whole; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in ſubjects and deſigns of our own. Nothing is ſo un-Pindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he muſt be ſo too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a cloſe copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but relatively to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A diſtich may be long, and a folio ſhort. However, I have broken this Ode into ſtrains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate ode, if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fulneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from

length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

The Contents.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

PRELUDE.

THE proposition. An address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient

title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The Merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II.; his glory navally represented.

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armado. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

THE most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

THE CLOSE.

THIS subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by all.

CHORUS.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

on the British trade and navigation.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατειαι παντοθεν λογιοι·
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
νασον ευκλεα ταν-
δε κοσμεειν.

PIND. Nem. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

I.

Fast by the ſurge my limbs are ſpread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll;
Ye Winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding Billows! ceaſe to roar:
The god deſcends, and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are huſh'd, the winds are ſpent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong. Fam'd Iſle! no leſs,
By Nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming ſea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an iſle in happineſs!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
Tho' ſlow their ſtreams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Recalls the warmth of bloming years;
Returning George ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my Soul! ſalute the Pine *,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the bark that ne'er ſhould hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My Soul! to thee ſhe ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the Godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O ſend her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and ſecure from ſtorm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to ſoar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe——
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and now ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound:
I am her pilot, and her port the ſkies!

* The veſſel in which the King came over.

VII.

Dare you to ſing, ye twinkling Train!
Silence, ye Wretched! ye Profane!
Who ſhackle proſe, and boaſt of abſent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful ſons of Genius, riſe!
Of genuine title to the ſkies;
Ye founts of Learning! and ye mints of Fame!
You who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attic art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The gen'rous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape unpreſs'd.

STRAIN I.

I.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee. To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance!
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne.
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze.
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And now am preſent to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun!—O thou divine,
Bleſs'd Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee maſt, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give the naval oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry complete?
When Punic war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman Fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries *;
As ſoon they fall, as ſoon they riſe;
One moon a foreſt, and the next a fleet.

* L. Florus.

VI.

Is ſloth indulgence? 'tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being; all devours.
A full exertion of our pow'rs,
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he chokes the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recall her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh here:
What tho' ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but fear;
She's ſound of heart; her conſtitution's ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor; puſh from ſhore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And ſee! ſhe's rous'd; abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudleſs azure rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and name!
Again ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth, with nerves unſtrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The ſheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſels wing to ſea,
Worlds worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarms.

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift and ſmile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs, from far
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab ſweet,
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind our Merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the ballaſt of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant Iſle! what tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhow'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines, pours, for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon bending on thy ſhores?

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean, for thy ſake,
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundleſs dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the firſt renown:
A large revenue, and a large expenſe,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And ſpend as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glowe, then, my Breaſt! abound, my Store!
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and apathy let Stoics boaſt;
Paſſions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill;
All bleſſings wound us when diſcretion's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wiſe,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The narrow-ſoul'd or the profuſe:
The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learn'd the rare, illuſtrious art
Of being rich: ſtores ſtarve us, or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic ſkill
Extract not what is brighter ſtill:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
A Chandos ſhines when others' joys are done;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No ſordid ſin of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations, commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid grain,
Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
There worms weave ſilken webs, here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun:
Beneath the ſoil their harveſts run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? art divine,
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all,
And int'reſt draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
His law ſupreme to mortal men,
In their neceſſities diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound:
How ſtands the deep-aw'd Continent aghaſt,
As her proud ſceptred ſons ſurvey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
Huge mountains riſe of cable, anchor, maſt!

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees here, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king.
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot! our throng'd Exchange,
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
Toils ſhe in trade? or bleeds in honeſt wars?
Her keel each yielding ſea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvaſs calls;
Her pilot into ſervice liſts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What tho' we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point the ball?
Heav'n lighted up the human ſoul,
Heav'n bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike reaſon, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſs'd Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys reigns over all;
Smiles, tho' the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but reaſon infinite.

XXX.

The man of reaſon is a god,
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the ſhining ſphere.
Others are paſſive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings:
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the dart, diſſolve the charm,
Who know the ſlender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The preſent object, preſent day,
Are idle phantoms, and away:
What's laſting only does exiſt. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call;
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To launch us on the flood of endleſs bliſs.

XXXIII.

How foreign theſe, tho' moſt in view!
Go, look your whole exiſtence through,
Thence form your rule; thence fix your eſtimate;
For ſo the gods. But as the gains,
How great the toil? 'twill coſt more pains
To vanquiſh folly than reduce a ſtate.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reaſon! the firſt palm is thine;
Old Britain learn'd from thee to ſhine:
By the Trade's ſwarming throng, gay Freedom's ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, Art's flowing gown,
Enrich, exalt, defend, inſtruct our iſle.

STRAIN II.

I.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the ſoul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter ſun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple-realm that awes the Continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
When Jove deſcends, a golden ſhow'r,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her Merchants princes! every deck a throne!

IV.

She ſat an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her ſtable column Ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and ſhe call'd the ſeas,
By both obey'd; the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmah's ſteed along the valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian arms.

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt,
Her's the far nobler harveſt of the ſeas.

VII.

O Merchant Land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! head of Plenty's ſprings!
The pride of iſles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of Nations!—but ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his fav'rite iſle loud roars the Main!
The tempeſt howls! her ſculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land one altar! a whole people ſlain!

IX.

The deſtin'd Day puts on her frown;
The ſable Hour is coming down;
She's on her march from yon' almighty throne:
The ſword and ſtorm are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boaſt unknown!

X.

For, oh! her ſins, as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood:
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wiſe and juſt;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to droſs, her bloſſom into duſt!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her ſordid nobles ſink! her mighty bow!
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's ſprightly ſound?
Is it for this the great ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What burning ſeuds 'twixt brothers reign?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The ſpurious lord it o'er the land,
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, ſweet orator,
Her Merchant, ſage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads,
Whoſe brows with wiſdom ſhould be crown'd,
Her very prieſts, in guilt abound:
Hence the world's cedar all her honours ſheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirſt of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
What youth unletter'd! baſe ones lifted high!
What public boaſts! what private views!
What deſert temples! crowded ſtews!
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas! there is who ſees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

XVI.

He ſees, and thunders!—Now in vain
The courſer paws and foams the rein,
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain her high preſumpt'ous air,
In gorgeous veſtments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly ſtain,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine in vain!
In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe, vain, ſhe boaſts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To ſhips, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! ſhe ſinks, nor ſinks alone;
Her gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What tho' ſo vaſt her naval might,
In her firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right,
All flags abas'd her ſea-dominion greet*?
What tho' ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt fail'd as far as ſail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings ſhe cloth'd in purple ſhake
Their awful brows: " O foul miſtake!
" O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe
" Who ſaid—With my own art and arm
" In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
" And ſwell'd at heart, vain empreſs of the ſea!

XXIII.

" This, this is ſhe who meanly ſoar'd:
" Alas! how low to be ador'd,
" And ſtyle herſelf a God!—Thro' ſtormy wars
" This eagle-iſle her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with human gore,
" And would have built her neſt among the ſtars.

* Q. Curtius.

XXIV.

" But, ah, frail Man! how impotent
" To ſtand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
" Shall iſland-kings with him contend,
" Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
" And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

" Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,
" When from the brazen mountain's brow
" The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his veſture dipp'd in blood,
" And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah wretched Iſle! once call'd the Great!
" Ah wretched Iſle! and wiſe too late!
" The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
" Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
" And freedom loſt, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee ſtanding, o'er thy ruins ſhout:

XXVII.

" To ſcourge with war, or peace beſtow,
" Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
" 'Twas thine of jarring thrones to ſtill debates:
" How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
" Wide waſte, and night and horror frown,
" Where empire flam'd in gold and balanc'd ſtates."

STRAIN III.

I.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or periſh by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes ſolicit down!
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe as fortunes ſwell.
What is large property?—the ſign of good,
Of worth ſuperior: if 'tis leſs,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the gods with favours miſbeſtow'd.

III.

This counſel ſuits Britannia's iſle,
High-fluſh'd with wealth and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve, at home, on meagre toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſpent.

IV.

Fell tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waſte! For worth or arts who ſtrain,
To throw them at a monſter's foot?
'Tis property ſupports purſuit.
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle;
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouze, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong. O Muſe! not thine,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine.
The man that can think greatly is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the Seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with ſolid ſpace,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the ſea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For that, thro' all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong guards, the waves,
Of ſervant winds admiſſion craves.
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific ſcourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marſhall'd train!
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtars that quit this hemiſphere,
Muſt quit the ſkies to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her Orion's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging dog that fires the midnight ſkies.

XII.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the laſt volume's cloſing ſtar;
Decipher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren ſtrand;
Not ſuch the ſea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vaſt tracts and ample beings vaunt;
The camel low, ſmall elephant;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life!
He ſleeps an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a ſtorm.

XV.

Th'Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore,
German and Caledonian, roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
" The ſeas are ours,"—the Monarchs ſaid—
The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear:
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their diſtance moſt as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but, O! what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! and ſhall ſhe contend?
It were no leſs than parricide!——
What wonders riſe from out the tide!
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and ſcorn to bow
So far beneath the ſtate of noble birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themſelves how low.
The ſons of nobles are the ſons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compaſs, chart, and ſtarry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations ſmile.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While ſceptres wait, and thrones impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to ſubjects! firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the crown!
Old Time is poor; what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye Drones! adore the man divine—
No virtue, ſtill, as mean, decline;
Call Ruſſians barb'rous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII.

He, too, of Judah, great as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandiſe;
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an oar!
That Merchant ſinking to his grave,
A flood of treaſure ſwells the cave.
The king left much, the Merchant bury'd more *.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar ſuch a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Outnumber'd ſands, I could not reach its height.

* Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immenſe ſum the next.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in bleſſing, theſe in pain,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs Merchants vie:
If great to ſpend, what to ſupply?
Prieſts pray for bleſſings, Merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love:
Earth's odours pay ſoft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
Planets are Merchants, take, return
Luſtre and heat; by traffic burn.
The whole creation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of letter'd Fame,
Proud of their volumes, ſwelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of ſcene,
'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and ſolid wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's ſtores
Well weighs; to ſtarry ſcience ſoars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The ſites, tongues, int'reſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies trade, he ſtudies all.
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd men.

STRAIN IV.

I.

How ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul!
How Sloth's laſcivious reign control
By verſe with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own,
Thy ſpirit pour, like vernal ſhow'rs;
My verſe ſhall burſt out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light:
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a ſtar,
In commerce this, or that in war;
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies, reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart thro' every nerve,
Hear from the throne * a voice thro' time renown'd.

* The King's ſpeech.

V.

So fall from heav'n the vernal ſhow'rs,
To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs :
The bloom call'd forth, ſee azure ſkies diſplay'd :
The bird of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious bees ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
He ſhines in vain ; her life's an iſle indeed,
A ſpot too ſmall to be o'ercome :
Ah, dreadful ſafety ! wretched doom !
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all :
Trade's all herſelf : her's, her's the ball :
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there.
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ;
The courtier's pomp ! the ſtudent's eaſe !
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
The Punic oar ; behold it riſe
And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call ;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which His Majeſty firſt deign'd to dwell;
The walls with ſilver ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the ſun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon *!
Methinks the lab'ring earth ſhould groan
Beneath you' load; created, ſure, not made!
Servant and rival of the ſkies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher riſe;
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadſt thou been if, left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
Had caught at Pleaſure on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by repletion men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's doom.
Expend it nobly; he that lets it ruſt
Which, paſſing num'rous hands, would ſhine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the duſt.

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can polifh fair,
Make earth well worth the wife man's care,
Call forth her forefts, charm them into fleets;
Can make one houfe of human race,
Can bid the diftant poles embrace;
Her's every fun; and India India meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ftill to fhine,
Enacts thofe guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts even Freedom's glorious caufe:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heav'n's fmile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleafure declin'd is luxury,
Boundlefs in time and in degree;
Pleafure enjoy'd the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

Falfe joy's a difcompofing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling ftring,
Tempefts the fpirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the funfhine of the foul,
A bright ferene that calms the whole,
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are;
To know falſe coin from true; to ſweep the main.
The mighty ſtake ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt tie of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join, then, religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-ſovereign Iſle! proud War decline,
Trade patronize! What glory thine,
Ardent to bleſs, who couldſt ſubdue, mankind?

XIX.

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night; the ſtars are thine:
Wear out the ſtars in Trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain and to beſtow:
While ages laſt! in Trade burn out the ſun.

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our ſires ſent down,
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won:
This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold.
Let Forbiſher's, let Raleigh's fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
That womb of gold and gem *: her wide domain
An univerſe! her rivers ſeas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heav'n's faireſt birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

Worlds ſtill unknown deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal ſire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are due to ſuch a godlike ſire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That trade as long as waters roll:
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear:
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as ſtars, with thee prevails;
Full be thy fame as ſwelling ſails;
Conſtant, as tides, thy mind; as maſts, elate;
Thy juſtice an unerring helm,
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy num'rous race ſure anchor of her ſtate.

* Vid. Deſcriptions of America.

STRAIN V.

I.

Britannia's ſtate what bounds confine!
(Of riſing thought! O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulfs, oceans, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small Iſle! for Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind,
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable ſhown:
They roſe to gods in half thy ſphere confin'd.

III.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing;
Plain Truth's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon' ſpangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon' ſtarry lyre has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the planets round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV

The ſkies (fair printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror ſhew th' advent'rous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in ſtars,
And noble verſe that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The ſkies are records of the main;
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours grateful luſtre on my lays.
How ſmiles Arion's * friend with partial beams?
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmiles ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the Balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye leſſer Lights!
How could the wiſe man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair?
But, oh! you practiſe ſhameful arts;
Your own retain, ſeize others' hearts.
Pirates, not Merchants, are the Britiſh fair.

* The Dolphin.

IX.

'Tis truth, I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be fluſh'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—O'er the main
" To ſhare her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main, ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your bound?
Auſtrian! where'er leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
Where'er the ripening ſun can ſhine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own
Who reſcu'd an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt that the kind are brave;
Ill doſt thou weigh that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to ſave:

XIII.

How wouldſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted inſpiration's vain?
Yet what if my prediction ſhould prove true?
Know'ſt thou the fatal pair who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
As one rejected, what if one ſubdue?

XIV.

What naval ſcene * adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inſpires her councils, and records her pow'r?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt, aſſembled ſenates low'r.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language ſound,
Than that which proſtrates human ſouls,
Thro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expenſe of blood,
Or reach of counſel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and ſets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly.
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt ſword.

* The Spaniſh Armada, in the Houſe of Lords.

XVII.

Nay, her's the ſword, for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to diſtant kings;
Like gods deſcend at once on trembling ſtates.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To fartheſt confines of the world,
Surpriſe your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
And carry ſable clouds, and ſweep
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of Nature ever ſtrike
On bare outſides, and loathe or like
As glitter bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human welfare and renown
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meaneſt product of their ſoil,
Their people, ſell; one half on th' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron foreſts, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines:
O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famiſh'd, tradeleſs native roves.

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China! blooming wide!
Thy num'rous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhauſt both Indias' mines.
Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
Ungrateful ſong! her growth * inſpires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to theſe, and ſuch as theſe,
The river broad, and foaming ſeas,
Which ſever lands to mortals leſs renown'd,
Devoid of naval ſkill or might;
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full pulſe that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engroſſing hand
The various ſtreams of trade command!
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful pow'r the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects, and his will their law.

* Coffee.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undeſign'd, on trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth: of pow'r is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what's loſs of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increaſe.

XXVII.

Then periſh war—deteſted war!
Shalt thou make gods, like Cæſar's ſtar?
What calls man Fool ſo loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore, too, as divine,
Wide waſting ſtorms before the genial ſun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's ſummer clear!
His harveſt! harveſt round the year!
For peace, with laurel ev'ry maſt be bound;
Each deck carouſe, each flag ſtream out,
Each cannon ſound, each ſailor ſhout;
For peace, let every ſacred ſhip be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ſhips, of birth divine!
An angel drew the firſt deſign;
With which the * Patriarch Nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He ſafe o'er foaming billows flew.
The gods made human race, a pilot ſav'd.

XXX.

How ſacred, too, the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame †,
Bright ſhone the ſword, but brighter trade gave law:
Merchants in diſtant courts rever'd,
Where prouder ſtateſmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambaſſadors! and thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
The march of ſtars, the births of climes:
Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and ſea:
Theirs are the ſeaſons, months and years,
And each a diff'rent garland wears:—
O that my ſong could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares.
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars.

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXXIII.

If to my ſubject roſe my ſoul,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies *.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens! ſing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye ſtarry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

MORAL.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bleſs'd, thy bleſſing know,
Or bliſs in vain the gods beſtow;
Its end fulfil, means cheriſh, ſource adore;
Vain ſwellings of thy ſoul repreſs;
They moſt may loſe who moſt poſſeſs;
Then let us bleſs with awe, and tremble at thy ſtore.

* It is Sir Iſaac Newton's opinion, that the principal conſtellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at beſt;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd gueſt:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay proſpects give,
Proſpects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Perſian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a ſcene
To fair adventurers ſerene!
O, on that ſea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what tranſports roll!
What boundleſs import to the ſoul!
The poor man's empire! and the ſubject's crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the ſeas:
Theſe be thy arts, O Britain! theſe.
Let others pant for an immenſe command;
Let others breathe War's fiery god:
The proudeſt victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious while heav'n-born freedom laſts,
Which Trade's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts:
For what is tyranny? a monſtrous birth
From luxury, by bribes careſs'd,
By glowing power in ſhades compreſs'd,
Which ſtalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

I.

Thee, Trade! I firſt, who boaſt no ſtore,
Who owe thee nought, thus ſnatch from ſhore,
The ſhore of proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long,
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to ſure renown:
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II.

Thou art the Briton's nobleſt theme;
Why, then, unſung? my ſimple aim
To dreſs plain ſenſe, and fire the gen'rous blood,
Not ſport imaginations vain;
But liſt with yon' ethereal train *
The ſhining Muſe, to ſerve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praiſe,
The ſprings are open'd in my lays †:
Olympic heroes' ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew,
Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

* The ſtars.

† ---------Tibi res antiquae laudis, et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. Virg.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
As far ſurpaſs'd as uſeful cares
Tranſcend diverſion light, and glory vain:
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong;
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That would to glowing Ætna riſe,
(Such Pindar's breaſt) thou Theron of our time!
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
In life or ſong how rare the true ſublime!

VI.

None Britiſh-born will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Tho' not with genius, with ſome virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muſe!) the lay may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh maſt,
The Britiſh maſt with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorms unbroke;
By ſtrength not her's ſublime: thus proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my ſtrain,
And lives and echoes thro' the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye grov'lling ſons of Verſe,
Who ſing not actions, but rehearſe,
And fool the Muſe with impotent deſire;
Ye Sacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! ſing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breath around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong:
Britain to Heav'n; from Heaven deſcends my ſong.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB[*].

THRICE happy Job† long liv'd in regal ſtate,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.

* It is diſputed, among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; ſome give it to Moſes, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me which favour the former of theſe opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

† The Almighty's ſpeech, chap. xxxviii, *&c.* which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt ancient poem in the world. Biſhop Patrick ſays its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſhed part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; ſo that this piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I uſe the word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The mountain, the comet, the ſun, and other parts, are entirely added: thoſe upon the peacock, the lion, *&c.* are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems, indeed, the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs ſentence on himſelf.

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed, a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change ſo ſad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſs'd,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſev'n long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;
A debt of rev'rence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death, impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
 His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat:

Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſu'd:—when, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurpriſe,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!) From the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th'Almighty ſpoke *.

Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the world's Creator what is juſt:
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply.
Where didſt thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious earth?
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone? what hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it in air,

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after practice of the Greek ſtage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any ſince. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i. *&c.* Hence is he ſaid to *dwell in thick darkneſs: and have his way in the whirlwind.*

When the bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hoſanna's rung,
When ſhouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's num'rous kingdoms, haſt thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadow into diſtant lands?

Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due ſubjection keep?
I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow'd ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide:
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts, hears my great decree;
" Thus far thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
" And here, O Main! be thy proud billows ſtay'd*."

Haſt thou explor'd the ſecrets of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep?
Where, down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head;

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument that Moſes is author of the book of Job.

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has Darkneſs made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom thro' long ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou waſt by,
And into being roſe beneath thine eye!
Are miſts begotten? who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night what hand can boaſt?
Or whiten morning with the hoary froſt?
Whoſe powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſert ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt me not; thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from thee.
Canſt thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canſt thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who in rough deſerts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhow'r who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruſſet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of hail and ſnows my northern magazine?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' Nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.

Who drew the comet out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did thy reſentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the ſtars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?
Canſt thou the ſkies' benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain?
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the Night, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt thou pronounce where Day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the Morn?
Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the Soul with her rich pow'rs inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt,
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?

To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th'Almighty ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
  What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy ſurpriſe?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcaſt eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd, but ſhall preſume no more.
" My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
" And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
  He ceas'd: when, lo! again th'Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
  Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
  Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
  Fond Man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!

Whatworlds haſtthouproduc'd,what creaturesfram'd,
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God *, importunate for food;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
  Who in the ſtupid Oſtrich † has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;

* Another argument that Moſes was the author is, that moſt of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω a κόραξ, *Aelian.* lib. ii. c. 48. is *to aſk earneſtly*. And ſince there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in this place.

† There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity: let two ſuffice. Firſt, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight,

---------Stat lumine clauſo
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quae non ipſa videt-------- Claud.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them draw the ſkin of an oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabalus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve that our judicious as well as ſublime author juſt touches the great points of diſtinction ineach creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A likeneſs is loſt in too much deſcription, as a meaning often in too much illuſtration.

Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray;
Unmindful ſhe that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed:
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed *,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed †.
How rich the Peacock ‡! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the Hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and, uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

> Vaſta velut Lybiae venantum vocibus ales
> Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
> Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
> Pulverulenta volat-------- Claud. in Eutr.

† Xenophon ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat and the wild aſs, but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

‡ Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true: *Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

The ſun returning, ſhe returns agen,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Tho' ſtrong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly *,
An eagle drops her in a lower ſky;
An eagle, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and ſeat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey †?
She feaſts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the promis'd gore.
Know'ſt thou how many moons, by me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat and foreſt Hind ‡,

* Thuanus (*De re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a naturaliſt as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

‡ The meaning of this queſtion is, Knoweſt thou the time and circumſtances of their bringing forth? for to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called *Seſelis*, which fa-

While, pregnant, they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once, forſake the dam's warm ſide,
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade,
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the Wild Aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large;
Thro' the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;

cilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect, *Pſ.* xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things may ſtyle our author a Naturaliſt.

Confcious of freedom, fcorns the fmother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the fervile rein.
Survey the warlike Horfe! didft thou inveft
With thunder his robuft diftended cheft?
No fenfe of fear his dauntlefs foul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noftrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulnefs of his might:
High-rais'd, he fnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ftorm of fury fhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rifing heart, advance
Full on the brandifh'd fword and fhaken lance,
While his fix'd eyeballs meet the dazzling fhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He finks the fenfe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the fhaft that trembles in his fide;
But neighs to the fhrill trumpet's dreadful blaft
Till death, and when he groans, he groans his laft.
But, fiercer ftill, the lordly Lion ftalks,
Grimly majeftic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the defert with his rolling eye.
Say, Mortal! does he roufe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doft thou for him in forefts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morfel throw,

Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round *,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſert fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore:
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
  Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſs'd his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and ſhut againſt a wound!
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;

* Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion, *Pſal.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which ſignifies *the hunter by moon-ſhine.*

His port majeſtic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt and the mountain law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He ſinks a river *, and he thirſts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide;
With ſlender hair Leviathan † command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become thy ſervant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?

* Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetus anhelam
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not, then, this hyperbole ſeem too much for an Eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard, in this place, for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquered Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, *Nemo antea religavit*.

Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſcull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up *: who then
Shall turn on me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, all Nature is my own,
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne;
And dar'ſt thou with the world's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize:
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold
Deſtruction yawns †; his ſpacious jaws unfold,

* This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

† The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, *fit totum os.* Martial ſays to his old woman,

And, marſhall'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound!
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire *.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great ſuperior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta.

So that the expreſſion there is barely juſt.

* This, too, is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſſed is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the Eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
 Large is his front; and when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe *.
 In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;

* *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator I have ſeen mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo; they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moſes being, as we may well ſuppoſe, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamos and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in Nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes ev'ry ſwoln diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of Pride.
Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſs'd.
"Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of might!
"And ev'ry thought is naked to thy ſight:
"But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
"Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
"But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
"Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee:
"Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more:
"Man is not made to queſtion, but adore."

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B *****.

My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatneſs; when my mouth praiſeth thee with joyful lips. Pſalm lxiii. 6.

PART I.

I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place?

II.

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more
Than to begin to die.

III.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget.

IV.

And am not I to theſe a-kin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;

Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing ſtill?

V.

Conſcious of Nature in decline,
And langour in my thoughts,
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

VI.

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmity,
Sad ſiſter of Decay.

VII.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many ſuns have roll'd.

VIII.

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee;
My ſecond world, tho' gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

IX.

To me this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread;
Near all with whom I liv'd and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead;

X.

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken Nature's laws,
And clos'd againſt this feeble frame
Its partial, cruel jaws:

XI.

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my ſight;
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

XII.

What ſhall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd Muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

XIII.

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
For doting on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

XIV.

Beyond the themes which moſt admire,
Which dazzle or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

XV.

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain,

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood reſtrain;

XVI.

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

XVII.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains,
Tho' claiming ev'ry Muſe's ſmile,
And ev'ry poet's pains:

XVIII.

Beneath life's ev'ning ſolemn ſhade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

XIX.

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious conſummation thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

XX.

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to diſcern;
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt which we learn:

XXI.

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

XXII.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall,

XXIII.

The taſk I dread: dare I to leave
Of human proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dang'rous ſea!
What throngs have ſunk before!

XXIV.

How proud the poët's billows ſwell!
The God! the God! his boaſt;
A boaſt how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

XXV.

What then am I? ſhall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the gen'ral wreck to riſe,
And, in my winter, ſing?

XXVI.

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards,
Confine their charming ſong

To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

XXVII.

Yet write I muſt; a lady * ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

XXVIII.

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, thro' fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

XXIX.

The ghoſt of Grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you:

XXX.

Too well he knows the twiſted ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd!

XXXI.

Thoſe tears you pour his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

* Mrs. M——.

XXXII.

But what can heart or head ſuggeſt?
What ſad Experience ſay?
Thro' truths auſtere to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

XXXIII.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

XXXIV.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by Fate, we meet our foes
In ſore Affliction's field:

XXXV.

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

XXXVI.

Affection frail! train'd up by Senſe,
From Reaſon's channel ſtrays,
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

XXXVII.

Thought winds its fond erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flowers,

To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs:

XXXVIII.

Whence throngs, in ecſtacy, look down,
On what once ſhock'd their ſight,
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

XXXIX.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain;
Stung by full proof that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle all is vain:

XL.

Vain, in its courſe, life's murm'ring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe, life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

XLI.

How wretched! who, thro' cruel Fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content?

XLII.

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe:
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

XLIII.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then caſt
The total up—deſpair.

XLIV.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtrokes ſevere moſt kind

XLV.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

XLVI.

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
Theſe oft' perſuade us to be weak,
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

XLVII.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By Pleaſure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

XLVIII.

Yet whilſt it chides it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood,

And ſays, time pays an eaſy price
For our eternal good.

XLIX.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an economiſt is man!
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

L.

And beggar an eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

LI.

Say not your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

LII.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our preſent ſtate.

LIII.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

LIV.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

LV.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own.

LVI.

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd, we complain:
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain.

LVII.

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Tho' you may think it ſlow,
When, in the liſt of Fortune's ſmiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

LVIII.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſu'd,
" Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
" Of ſound important good."

LIX.

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties,

And ev'ry ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe.

LX.

'Twill ſound ſevere—yet reſt aſſur'd
I'm ſtudious of your peace;
Tho' I ſhould dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his deceaſe.

LXI.

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

LXII.

Hear, then, without ſurpriſe, a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of Fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs.

LXIII.

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth, divinely ſung
By one whoſe heart had bled.

LXIV.

To Reſignation ſwift he flew;
In her a friend he found;
A friend which bleſs'd him with a ſmile,
When gaſping with his wound.

LXV.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few.

LXVI.

To real joy we work our way,
Encount'ring many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

LXVII.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother-bleſſing, (not ſo call'd)
True happineſs, begins.

LXVIII.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By ſtings of life unvex'd;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

LXIX.

You ſee, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

LXX.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run,

And ſay, what is a man unſtruck ?
It is a man undone.

LXXI.

This moment am I deeply ſtung——
My bold pretence is try'd
When vain man boaſts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride.

LXXII.

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart!
How critically tim'd the news *
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

LXXIII.

The pangs of which I ſpoke I feel:
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph whilſt I mourn.

LXXIV.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdu'd
Be reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heav'n's decree,
Continues by our own;

LXXV.

And when continu'd paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and what was fate
Corrupts into a crime.

* The death of Mr. Richardſon.

LXXVI.

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

LXXVII.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great,
Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

LXXVIII.

When Heav'n would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

LXXIX.

But ſuch a friend!—and ſigh no more!
'Tis prudent, but ſevere:
Heav'n aid my weakneſs, and I drop
All ſorrow—with this tear.

LXXX.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſwage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

LXXXI.

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief
In my diſtreſs of thought,

Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

LXXXII.

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair.

LXXXIII.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him preſented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

LXXXIV.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of diſtreſs.

LXXXV.

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Æſculapian art:
Know, Love ſometimes, miſtaken Love!
Plays Diſaffection's part.

LXXXVI.

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Tho' tranſports are deny'd.

LXXXVII.

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

LXXXVIII.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive increaſe of joy,
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

LXXXIX.

He lives in thoſe he left;——to what?
Your, now, paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

XC.

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind,
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

XCI.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let thoſe propheſy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon.

XCII.

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire;

And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire.

XCIII.

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

XCIV.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boaſters!) than to you.

XCV.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

XCVI.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world;

XCVII.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

XCVIII.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory high'r,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

XCIX.

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' coſting dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

C.

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil.

CI.

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes,
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

CII.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe.

CIII.

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view

His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you!

CIV.

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

CV.

Some ſeem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace.

CVI.

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt Heav'n's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

CVII.

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's ſelf
By Perſeverance brought.

CVIII.

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

CIX.

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light, in ſons of honeſt Joy,
Some beams of Moſes' face.

CX.

Is Reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind.

CXI.

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on One above;

CXII.

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

CXIII.

For joy what cauſe! how ev'ry ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love!

CXIV.

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,

And terminate, wrapt up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun:

CXV.

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul.

CXVI.

Broke looſe frome Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

CXVII.

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done.

CXVIII.

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds.

CXIX.

Tho' man ſits ſtill, and takes his eaſe,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bleſs him, if he can.

CXX.

But man confents not, boldly bent
To faſhion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

CXXI.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cauſe,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

CXXII.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child:
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly ſmil'd.

CXXIII.

Now, and thro' periods diſtant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

CXXIV.

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſt'ring winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard,
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe.

CXXV.

To final good the worſt events
Thro' ſecret channels run;

Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe,
As 'twas for man begun.

CXXVI.

One point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong
That Heav'n in man delights.

CXXVII.

What's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

CXXVIII.

What's revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt,
Of that poor inſect's goods ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

CXXIX.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere.

CXXX.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight!

CXXXI.

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join
Its aromatic praiſe.

CXXXII.

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of Heav'n's avenging rod,
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic God?

CXXXIII.

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an harmleſs wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

CXXXIV.

Like that it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

CXXXV.

Conſummate Love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand?
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſs'd,
Is thy ſupreme command.

CXXXVI.

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs ſhall we complain?

The man who dares to be a wretch
Deſerves ſtill greater pain.

CXXXVII.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the Pow'r
Who ſweetly plans the whole.

CXXXVIII.

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Be gone, ignoble Grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief:

CXXXIX.

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

CXL.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs,
More precious we purſue.

CXLI.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, int'reſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

CXLII.

“ But how to ſmile, to ſtem the tide
“ Of nature in our veins;
“ Is it not hard to weep in joy?
“ What then to ſmile in pains?”

CXLIII.

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles thro' a ſtorm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

CXLIV.

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex by nature bold,
What then in your's? 'tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

CXLV.

And ſhould not this complaint repreſs
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

CXLVI.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right.

CXLVII.

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul;
Its object dark appears;

True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horizon clears.

CXLVIII.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

CXLIX.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air.

CL.

A friend you have *, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent, ſoft addreſs,
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs.

CLI.

That friend the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, ſuch as theſe.

CLII.

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

* Mrs. M——

CLIII.

Woe to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reaſon ſleeps, the Pulſe is king;
Deſpotic Body reigns.

CLIV.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:

CLV.

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

CLVI.

By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind.

CLVII.

On pillows void of down, for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at leaſt,
Our hearts repoſe in peace.

CLVIII.

That peace, which Reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;

'Tis diſbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs.

CLIX.

The loſs or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year.

CLX.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd.

CLXI.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is poſſeſs'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt.

CLXII.

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy,
And ſuffer with far more repoſe
Than worldlings can enjoy.

CLXIII.

From ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O grant to thoſe I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

CLXIV.

My love where due, if not to thofe
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To fhine on age in mean recefs,
And light me to my theme?

CLXV.

A theme themfelves! a theme how rare!
The charms which they difplay
To triumph over captive heads,
Are fet in bright array.

CLXVI.

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boafted laurels die;
Learning and Genius, wifer grown,
To female bofoms fly.

CLXVII.

This revolution, fix'd by Fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

CLXVIII.

But as thofe ladies' * works I read,
They darted fuch a ray,
The latent fenfe burft out at once,
And fhone in open day.

CLXIX.

So burft full ripe diftended fruits,
When ftrongly ftrikes the fun;

* Mrs. M——. Mrs. C——.

And from the purple grape unpreſs'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

CLXX.

Pallas, ('tis ſaid) when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain,
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wiſdom's brighter reign;

CLXXI.

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

CLXXII.

And Gorgon ſhield,—or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly dreadful ſhone;
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd inſtantly to ſtone.

CLXXIII.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

CLXXIV.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

CLXXV.

In Eve (we know) of fruit ſo fair
The noble thirſt began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

CLXXVI.

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet, how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee!

CLXXVII.

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate:
His leſſen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

PART II.

I.

BUT what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
" In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
" And ſmile while Fortune frowns."

II.

Heav'n's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt inquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
" To have our own deſire."

III.

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill;
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

IV.

What numbers ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

V.

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

VI.

By cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable Ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

VII.

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe;
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below;
We treſpaſs on the ſkies.

VIII.

The Lord, and Soul, and Source of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,

Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and ſeas.

IX.

Beyond us what can angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we deſire.

X.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This the ſublime of man!

XI.

Beyond the boaſt of Pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines,
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

XII.

"All that the ſun ſurveys ſubdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind"——
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the reſign'd.

XIII.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

XIV.

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to Heaven the reſt:

XV.

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

XVI.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

XVII.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſs'd martyrs' ſouls
Aſcended to their King.

XVIII.

Who is it calls thee? One whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

XIX.

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;

How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by Fate!

XX.

His threat'ning foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremend'ous!—at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum thou.

XXI.

Haſte then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile.

XXII.

O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

XXIII.

What ſight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
Hath moſt of heav'n to boaſt!
The man reſign'd, at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

XXIV.

At Death's arrival they ſhall ſmile
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him in his way.

XXV.

My gay Coevals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear,
Approaching Death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear.

XXVI.

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe high'r;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire.

XXVII.

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd when, beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

XXVIII.

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home!

XXIX.

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child outfools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of Truth.

XXX.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?

His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

XXXI.

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who partly ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

XXXII.

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

XXXIII.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

XXXIV.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away.

XXXV.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praiſe to be forgot.

XXXVI.

The wiſe, as flow'rs, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When ev'ning damps and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

XXXVII.

What tho' your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

XXXVIII.

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as this *?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs.

XXXIX.

Your traſh, with mine at open war,
Is obſtinately bent †,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent.

XL.

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

XLI.

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,

* Candid. † Second Part.

Confound us with a double ſtroke;
We ſhudder, whilſt we praiſe:

XLII.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

XLIII.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend V—taire.

XLIV.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

XLV.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature ſtarts!
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts.

XLVI.

" But great your name"—To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

XLVII.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, ſave?

XLVIII.

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame.

XLIX.

Nor boaſt your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies.

L.

Your taſte, too, fails: what moſt excels,
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

LI.

Sound heads ſalvation's helmet * ſeek;
Reſplendent are its rays:
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume
Of ſublunary praiſe.

LII.

May this enable couch'd V—taire
To ſee that—All is right †,

* Eph. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

LIII.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"V—taires are, now, in heav'n."

LIV.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

LV.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

LVI.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

LVII.

I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

LVIII.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

LIX.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they ſhine
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul!

LX.

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

LXI.

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

LXII.

A world that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

LXIII.

Yon' matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!

Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare.

LXIV.

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell?

LXV.

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

LXVI.

Thro' all the crooked paths I trode,
My folly he purſu'd;
My heart aſtray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

LXVII.

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet
Beneath the maſk of ill!

LXVIII.

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

LXIX.

Have I not ſometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

LXX.

I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Oft' I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

LXXI.

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

LXXII.

And is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow.

LXXIII.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

LXXIV.

Pain'd Senſe from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can ſet us free:

A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

LXXV.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs:
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs.

LXXVI.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whiſper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to ſave.

LXXVII.

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As ſpangles, o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

LXXVIII.

We to ourſelves, but thro' the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

LXXIX.

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines.

LXXX.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wiſdom cannot bear.

LXXXI.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end:

LXXXII.

But human prudence, too, muſt ceaſe
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear.

LXXXIII.

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From Chaos and old Night.

LXXXIV.

From what ſeem'd horror and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An abſolute repoſe.

LXXXV.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,

Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd
Eternally are ſhown.

LXXXVI.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize.

LXXXVII.

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

LXXXVIII.

Self-knowledge, which from Heav'n itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

LXXXIX.

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

XC.

Enter your boſom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal,
Which none can read but you.

XCI.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, thro' life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

XCII.

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

XCIII.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

XCIV.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

XCV.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
" Ev'n be content with God."

XCVI.

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater took him hence:

This Reaſon fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by Senſe.

XCVII.

This friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate.

XCVIII.

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart,
A truth leſs obvious hear,
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear.

XCIX.

Diſpute you this? O ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear now trickling down he ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

C.

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

CI.

A ſmile which thro' eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at laſt obeys.

CII.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh, peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

CIII.

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which ſhould guilt waſh away.

CIV.

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt the diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe.

CV.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

CVI.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute
As all had been but one.

CVII.

And is he then ſo near? ſo kind?—
How little then, and great,

That riddle, Man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

CVIII.

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep.

CIX.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

CX.

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt.

CXI.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The pow'r in exquiſite extremes
To ſuffer, or enjoy.

CXII.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

CXIII.

For what's the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

CXIV.

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe.

CXV.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not ſay
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love;

CXVI.

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidably ſpoke?

CXVII.

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

CXVIII.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love;

Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

CXIX.

What moſt embitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears;
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

CXX.

Joy's fountain-head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe;

CXXI.

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

CXXII.

Fountain profuſe of ev'ry bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

CXXIII.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea?
One ſand, how wide the ſhore?

CXXIV.

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

CXXV.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in ether thrown!

CXXVI.

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate and adore.

CXXVII.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft' drops into diſtreſs;

CXXVIII.

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And Wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

CXXIX.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In thee who dare not truſt;

Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the duſt.

CXXX.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No leſs abſurd than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

CXXXI.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and Goodneſs at the helm,
The rougheſt ocean plough?

CXXXII.

What tho' I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe
I'm landed, and adore.

CXXXIII.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

CXXXIV.

From thee immortal ſpirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wiſe, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring ſtreams below.

CXXXV.

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

CXXXVI.

To thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies.

CXXXVII.

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And gen'rous ſenſe of paſt,
To thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt.

CXXXVII.

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim, pronounce us all
Diſtracted or reſign'd:

CXXXIX.

Reſign'd thro' duty, int'reſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heav'n itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

CXL.

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;

And ſhall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

CXLI.

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe:

CXLII.

And when to praiſe thee man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two.

CXLIII.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

CXLIV.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praiſe is already there.

CXLV.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

CXLVI.

Makes the man bleſs'd as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night.

CXLVII.

'Tis Nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace:

CXLVIII.

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, Madam! " when your heart's in heav'n,
" All heav'n is in your heart."

CXLIX.

But who to heav'n their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court:

CL.

When pray'r partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts thro' heav'n's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

CLI.

The lab'ring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;

I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees.

CLII.

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone?
An humble heart, God's other ſeat*!
The rival of his throne.

CLIII.

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low?
And condeſcends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

CLIV.

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?—
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

CLV.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now, let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan.

CLVI.

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

CLVII.

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and int'reſts fly as far
Aſunder as the poles.

CLVIII.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and ſordid joys
Our grandeur we diſgrace.

CLIX.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral pow'rs poſſeſs'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt!

CLX.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

CLXI.

From far above the glorious ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever baſk
In great Jehovah's beam:

CLXII.

Let that bright beam, on reaſon rouz'd,
In awful luſtre riſe,

Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all difquiet dies:

CLXIII.

Earth's glories, too, their fplendour lofe,
Thofe phantoms charm no more,
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

CLXIV.

Then levell'd quite, whilft yet alive,
The monarch and his flave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leffon from the grave.

CLXV.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaft of glory more
Than fparkles from a crown.

CLXVI.

When, human glory rifes high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

CLXVII.

The man is dead where virtue fails;
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur fhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy fhroud.

CLXVIII.

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Tho' graſping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O Death! thro' thy approach
Is wiſer ev'ry hour.

CLXIX.

Approach how ſwift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare;
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

CLXX.

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones beſtows; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill!

CLXXI.

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd;
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

CLXXII.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

CLXXIII.

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread pow'r,

As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

CLXXIV.

Hear this, V—taire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, ſpare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

CLXXV.

In mercy to yourſelf, forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay V—taire
Should blame V—taire the wiſe.

CLXXVI.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
V—taire will cloſe with me.

CLXXVII.

How ſhocking is that modeſty
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

CLXXVIII.

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed.

CLXXIX.

What then are they whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt.

CLXXX.

Tho' Vice by no ſuperior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey;

CLXXXI.

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

CLXXXII.

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy ſmiles
At Reaſon plain and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool.

CLXXXIII.

V—taire! long life's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

CLXXXIV.

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birth-day of their ſorrow;

Knowing it may be diſtant far,
Nor cruſh them till—to-morrow.

CLXXXV.

Theſe are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your ſtate,
No Caſtle * is my lot:

CLXXXVI.

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones.

CLXXXVII.

Hear you that ſound? alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

CLXXXVIII.

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

CLXXXIX.

Their wit far brighteſt will be prov'd,
Who ſunk it in good ſenſe,
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

CXC.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſs'd eternity;
O may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than golden key*!

CXCI.

Whate'er may ſeem too rough, excuſe;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well,
As yet we muſt not part:

CXCII.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

CXCIII.

What have we left? how mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave?
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take our leave.

CXCIV.

Happier, than happieſt life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his ſhield:

CXCV.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

CXCVI.

O how diſorder'd our machine.
When contradictions mix!
When Nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And Folly points at ſix!

CXCVII.

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

CXCVIII.

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

CXCIX.

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

CC.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues:
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll reſign the will:

CCI.

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim,
How very far ſuperior they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

II.

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ:
Tho' juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy.

III.

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

IV.

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

V.

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns

In Self-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

VI.

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

VII.

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
" Above, beneath the ſun,
" Thro' boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
" Jehovah's will be done."

VIII.

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

IX.

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of Woe.

X.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to you.

XI.

You know, that Virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping Error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight.

XII.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

XIII.

Was death deny'd, this world a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born.

XIV.

When every other bleſſing fails.
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly hurl'd away;

XV.

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

XVI.

Well pleas'd to bear Heav'n's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt pow'r employ;

'Tis noble chymiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

XVII.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice.

XVIII.

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich Eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

XIX.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart thro' ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

XX.

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

XXI.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

XXII.

Refign, refign : this leffon none
Too deeply can inftill;
A crown has been refign'd by more
Than have refign'd the will;

XXIII.

Tho' will refign'd the meaneft makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeftial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown.

XXIV.

Hence in the bofom of cold age
Is kindled a ftrange aim
To fhine in fong, and bid me boaft
The grandeur of my theme:

XXV.

But, oh! how far prefumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceafe to flow.

XXVI.

Firft! Greateft! Beft! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rife
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canft make our wifdom wife.

XXVII.

And how unwife, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,

" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
" In deed beneath the taught!"

XXVIII.

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with inſtructions moſt divine
To pave a path to hell.

XXIX.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a ſoul on fire!
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre!

XXX.

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what moſt eaſy ſeems)
" To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
" Which yet he——moſt eſteems."

XXXI.

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

XXXII.

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

Infcribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Juftices, in the year 1714.

------Gaudia curis. HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, fought
To eafe the fulnefs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to purfue,
And pleafe the public by refpect to you.
Tho' you, long fince beyond Britannia known,
Have fpread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely fhine,
Than when fo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ftate.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatnefs fade away,
Your luftre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and fparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great eſteem and honour due
I choſe, that moment, to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when Fortune ſo ſevere
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere,
And when no motive could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſcend,
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,
Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I ſing!—but, ah! my theme I need not tell!
See ev'ry eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft' can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever new!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute not their own.
Her ſummer heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her ſummers won:
Revolving pleaſures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.

Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue ſmile?
Or did the ſceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim;
The Queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South reſigns her ſtore.
Her virtue ſooths the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions lie ſubdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Not ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride;
Not want of reſt, or the ſun's parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings, a ſhelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart;
She ſaw, and griev'd, to ſee the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;

She ſhed her bounty piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
  Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
  What ſtrikes my ſight! does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurpriſe!
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it diſappears,
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever ſought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name; her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke from Fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
  Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.
  Ye Numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of Fame arriv'd,

Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſs'd,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd;
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire.
Wiſely to ſpend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When Time ſhall aſk where once Ramilia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refreſh'd the dry
Shall raiſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date
Is Virtue's great reward puſh'd off by Fate;
Her random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſat arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compoſ'd in peace:

The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies,
  Thus end matureſt honours of a crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
  So when, with idle ſkill, the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube, he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
  'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable doom;
Why, then, this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep diſtreſs,
We learn how much in George the gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown;
An Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe, and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious Monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
  Welcome, great Stranger! to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft' did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.

With pray'r we ſmooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wiſhes fill'd thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom int'reſt joins, and chaſe our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame!
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit, without a bluſh, the Britiſh crown,
Secure his honour, tho' he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great Sir! now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r:
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine:
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt,
That we contemplate and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Iſis' bank a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has thro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd;

And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne;
For England's church her lateſt accent ſtrain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder, then, her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
  What tho' thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown's impatient to incloſe thy head;
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience thro' the world ſhall tell,
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

THE INSTALMENT,

MDCXXVI.

To the Right Hon.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quaesitam meritis. HOR.

With invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty Dead! ye garter'd Sons of Praiſe!
Our morning-ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings diſplay,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This claſp the di'mond girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread,
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fix'd the race,
None preſs'd fair Glory with a ſwifter pace.
When Fate would call ſome mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome fav'rite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe!

That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain! ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
Thy veſſel ſafe thro' Fortune's rougheſt tide.
If Peace ſtill ſmiles, by this ſhall Commerce ſteer
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere,
And gath'ring tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If War's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud which, riſing from the Thames,
With thunder form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſent
To claim the ſeas, and awe the Continent:
This ſhall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muſe ſhall kindle and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire;
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
By this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free,
'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.
Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoris'd my Muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.

False praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair Fame to worthleſs men.
This profanation of celeſtial fire
Makes fools deſpiſe what Wiſdom ſhould admire.
Let thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe rank Flattery's vivacious ſeed,
And rooted deep, one means muſt ſet them free;
Patron! and Patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
Nor thoſe retain when winter chills the year,
The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the ſun,
With vig'rous charms can thro' the ſeaſons run;
Defies the ſtorm with her tenacious green,
And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen;
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring,
And 'midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blaſts of Envy riſe,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Let fall no honours, but, ſecurely great,
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate;
No winter knows, tho' ruffling factions preſs,
By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;

One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *,
And the charm'd Muſes ſhelter in the ſhade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte Truth indites old Time ſhall read.
" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which ſoon beat high for arts and public good;
" Whoſe glory great, but natural, appears,
" The genuine growth of ſervices and years;
" No ſudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majeſty;
" One bearing greateſt toils with greateſt eaſe;
" One born to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe;
" Whom, while our rights in equal ſcales he lays,
" The prince may truſt, and yet the people praiſe;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart ſincere;
" His counſel guides, his temper cheers, our iſle,
" And, ſmiling, gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile."
Joy then to Britain, bleſs'd with ſuch a ſon;
To Walpole joy! by whom the prize is won;
Who, nobly conſcious, meets the ſmiles of Fate;
True greatneſs lies in daring to be great.
Let daſtard ſouls, in affectation, run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe applauſe,
The pride of modeſty to Virtue's cauſe.

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

Honours which make the face of Virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wiſe to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the luſtre of our age and clime,
And ſheds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.
  Proud chiefs, alone in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
Of old this azure bloom of glory claim'd;
As when ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival Wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride,
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
Let Fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert who Fame deſpiſe:
For what's ambition but fair Virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe but her propitious gale?
When, ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore;
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of Envy or by Fortune's tide;
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
  Then let Renown to worth divine incite
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.

Then Merit droops, and Genius downward tends,
When godlike Glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due :
Walpole has thrown the proud incloſure down,
And high Deſert embraces fair Renown.
Tho' rivall'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling in juſtice to their own decree)
This proud reward of majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them by rewarding well.
  Tho' ſtrong the twanging nerve, and, drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it ſoars into the ſky.
  Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praiſe,
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
  No more; for in this dread ſuſpenſe of Fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick for the great event;
Brunſwick! of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expenſe?

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

MDCCXXXIV.

Written in the character of a sailor.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. HOR.

I.

Ye guardian Gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

II.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, Monarchs great and wise!
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafleſs foreſt ſpreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muſe ſurveys
A Fleet whoſe empire o'er the wave
You grant time ſtrengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terror of the ſeas!

IV.

Ye great by Sea! ye Shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the ſword,
Ariſe! ariſe! ariſe! 'tis Britain charms;
Ariſe, ye boaſt of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious ſcars,
Rouſe me to verſe, your martial ſons to arms.

V.

'Tis done: and ſee! ſweet Clio brings
From heav'n her deep-reſounding ſtrings:
Clio! the god * which gave thy charming ſhell,
Demands its moſt exalted ſtrain
To ſing the ſov'reign of the main:
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell?

VI.

Such wonders as may paſs for ſport
Or viſion in a ſouthern court:
But, mighty Thrones! thoſe truths which make me glow
Your fathers ſaw, your ſons ſhall ſee;
Then quit your infidelity.
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

* Neptune.

VII.

Believe me, Kings! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks ſtalk down th' unſhaded mountain's ſide;
The lofty pines aſſume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in ſtorms,
And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
Diſcloſes a ſtupendous birth;
In ſmoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous nature, frowning riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

IX.

Theſe miniſters of Wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an iſland's will:
Ye Nations! know; know, all ye ſceptred Pow'rs!
In ſulph'rous night, and maſſy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When ſtern Britannia's awful ſenate low'rs.

X.

Bold is the ſtyle when hearts are bold:
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language ſound
Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
Than that which proſtrates human ſouls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XI.

In peace ſhe ſheathes her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon ſlumber at the world's deſire;
But give juſt cauſe, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

XII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of Nature, ſpite of Jove,
Whilſt all ſerene, and huſh'd above,
The boiſt'rous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

XIII.

This, this, my Monarchs! is the ſcene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here War's whole ſting is ſhot, whole heart is ſpent!
You ſport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her ſtorms languiſh on the Continent!

XIV.

A ſwarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now ſcatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blaſt,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and maſt,
And leave a ſing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm ſtruck with pale deſpair.
My Patrons! what a burſt was there!
The ſtrong-ribb'd barks at once diſploding fly!
Inſatiate Death! compendious Fate!
Deep wound to ſome brave bleeding ſtate!
One moment's guilt a thouſand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obſequies!) the ſable wave
Involves in endleſs night. Ye graveleſs Dead!
Where are your conqueſts? now you rove
Pale, penſive, thro' the coral grove,
Or ſhrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens ſpoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wreath's deſign'd,
In ſea-weed wrapt. Alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind!

XVIII.

Of braſs his heart who durſt explore,
Shut up in triple braſs and more,
Who when explor'd the ſecret durſt explain,
How, in one inſtant, at one blow,
The maiden's ſigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon' cowl'd friar in his cell,
With ſulphur, flame, and crucible:
And can the charms of gold that ſaint inſpire!
O curſed cauſe! O curs'd event!
O wondrous power of accident!
He rivals gods, and ſets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deſerv'd that fatal ſkill,
The ſkill by which deſtruction ſwiftly runs,
And ſeas, and lands, and worlds, lays waſte
With far more terror, far more haſte,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty ſons.

XXI.

In frown and force old War muſt yield:
The chariot ſcyth'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the caſtled elephant, were tame,
Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies,
Superior terror to the ſkies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell, the ſinking throng,
The graveleſs dead, and ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream or do I rave?
Or do I ſee the gloomy cave
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
The ſwarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouſe the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfiniſh'd labours fall,
That ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Suſpend your toils, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin: and, firſt, take winged flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickeſt night,
And trembling Terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans and death; one phial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet, Peace celeſtial! may thy charms
Still fire our breaſts, tho' clad in arms:
If ſcenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
For thee the ſword brave Britons wield;
For thee charge o'er th' embattled field,
Or plunge thro' ſeas, thro' crimſon ſeas, for thee.

XXVII.

Ev'n now for peace the gods are preſs'd;
We woo the nations to be bleſs'd;
For peace, victorious Kings! we call to you:
For peace on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Thro' trackleſs air, and deſert ſkies, I flew.

XXVIII.

My former lays *, of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confeſs
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late-obſtructed ear,
And wake attention to more mild addreſs.

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare,
Your hearts deteſt the purple war,
And melt in anguiſh for the world's repoſe!
Hail, then! all hail! your wiſh is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
Thro' Europe bleſs'd, with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
To meet your arms comes ſmiling forth,
And leads ſoft-handed Peace: how pow'rful he!
His num'rous race, the bloſſoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant ſight!
Endleſs beam on into eternity.

* The foregoing ſtanzas.

XXXI.

What long allies!—the virgin train
Your moſt obdurate foes may gain:
See how their charms in lineal luſtre ſhine!
Thro' ev'ry genuine branch the fire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The mother breath'd ſoft air, and bloom divine.

XXXII.

How fair the field! ye Aonian bees*!
The flow'rs ambroſial fondly ſeize,
Luxurious draw the ſweet Hyblean ſtrain;
That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
And my thron'd Patron's raviſh'd ear
The ſoul's rich nectar drink, and thirſt again.

XXXIII.

Ev'n mine they taſte, and with ſucceſs:
Ambition's fumes my ſtrains repreſs;
The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No frenzy, taking friends for foes;
The pulſe ſubſides; they ſeek repoſe;
Nor I my winged embaſſy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain
I ſwear the rumour'd war is vain:
Shall Gallic faith and friendſhip ever ceaſe?
I ſwear by Europe's lovely dread,
I ſwear by great Eliza's ſhade,
The wiſe Iberian is the friend of peace.

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, leſt I fail, (for prophets old
Not all infallibly foretold)
We ſet our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons! an Auguſtus reigns;
If foes compel, ſend forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncenſur'd, might obey.

XXXVI.

O, could I ſing as you have fought,
I'd raiſe a monument of thought
Bright as the ſun!—How you burn at my heart!
How the drums all around
Soul-riſing reſound!
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the ſwords flame on high!
How the cannons' deep knell
Fates of kingdoms foretel!
How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
How to battle, to conqueſt, to triumph, we dart!

XXXVII.

But who gives conqueſt? he whoſe ray
To darkneſs turns the blaze of day;
Whoſe boundleſs favour far outflows the main;
Whoſe pow'r the raging waves can ſtill,
And curb more rebel human will.—
With peace O bleſs us! or in war ſuſtain.

XXXVIII.

Doſt thou ſuſtain?——Ye twinkling Fry!
That ſwim the ſeas, glide gently by;

Tho' your ſcales glitter, tho' your numbers ſwarm,
Ah! gently glide, for life's dear ſake,
Nor dare leviathan awake,
Who ſpouts a river, and who breathes a ſtorm.

XXXIX.

And now who cenſures this Addreſs?
Thus crowns, ſtates, common men, make peace;
They ſwell, ſooth, double, dive, ſwear, pray, defy;
And when rank Int'reſt has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty ſeal'd,
Stark Love and Conſcience own the baſtard tie.

XL.

Ambaſſadors! ye mouths of kings!
Ye miſſive monarchs! empire's wings!
What tho' the Muſe your province proudly choſe?
'Tis a repriſal fairly made,
Her province you long ſince invade,
Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of proſe.

XLI.

More ſafe, O Muſe! that humble vale,
Than the proud ſurge and ſtormy gale:
Thy dang'rous ſeas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulneſs and Frenzy curſe thy ſtreams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! ſtrike thy ſwelling ſails, and make to ſhore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler ſtrains,
Or tented fields, or duſty plains,

The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
In Fancy's robe, her flow'ry vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

XLIV.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The refluent raptures from my bosom roll;
To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal Shell! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd;
My Shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific Lyre! my laurell'd Thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your sailor's song: I sing, I live for you.

SOME THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY THE.

PRESENT JUNCTURE *.

Inſcribed to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
Tho' ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
Which, peradventure, may puſh by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
  Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis Pow'r's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem

* The late rebellion in 1745.

The ſtream that ſweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'ſt give life to Virtue's cauſe;
Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſts to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound,
Nor Lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach:
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degen'rate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point
But, with more emphaſis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.
  Such deeds the Miniſter, the Prince, adorn;
No pow'r is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhew his pow'r?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care
To grace thy country, and ſupport the throne;
Tho' this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well.
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wrong
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide:
Illuſtrious follows; we muſt firſt be juſt;

And what ſo juſt as awe for the Supreme?
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all-aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
Yon' ſavage mountaineers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to Reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Tho' ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'reſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Tho' Britain's Genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, tow'ring ſtands
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Tho' ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival int'reſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimeſt theme! and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!)

Thus every ſtateſman thought that ever—dy'd.
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chuſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
Theſe, theſe are politics will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſters ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,

Cloſe-leagu'd with an invincible ally
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.
  Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins;
Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
Ye Scenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
Let me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! ſtay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulſe; the noble pulſe of War
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And ev'ry battle paid for heroes ſlain.
No more our great forefathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.

In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword, and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler av'rice, av'rice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
  Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix diſplay'd
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe arts from hell!

And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plund'ring Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heav'n!
Nature's anointed Empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exub'rant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of Armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;

Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
   Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the Continent, that world of ſlaves;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? bluſhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a ſigh replies.
Empire on Virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;

Flux, as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
  Wouldſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark,
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and ev'ry future ſtorm?
Give it that balaſt which alone has weight
With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd Weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heav'n commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
"And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."
O Britain! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war or sweet in peace!
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
Tho' bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In him who thee, tho' naked, could defend;
Tho' weak, could strengthen: ruin'd, could restore.
How oft', to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War?
Or, rather, won the day, when War despair'd?
How oft' has providential succour aw'd,

Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind Heav'n! avert events
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bared arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon, eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what ſays Common ſenſe, with common Care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles

" But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
" With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates?) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pulpit preſſes, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great?
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtue, and whoſe gen'rous blood
Aids mental motives, to puſh on renown,

In emulation of their glorious ſires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeed in the glad people's hearts,
Some curſed tares, like Satan, in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror thro' the breaſt,
Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breaſt where honour reigns,
Thro' ev'ry breaſt where honour claims a ſhare?
Yes, and thro' ev'ry breaſt of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

To ſight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of Time
Swept, with their vices, from the mountain-height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But Nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
  For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fix'd, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpris'd?--Yet why ſurpris'd?--
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the Fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By Fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires leaſt,
"Tho' leaſt in ſize; hear, Britain! thou whoſe lot,
"Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid!
"Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales, [from me,
"Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know, then,
"As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
"State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt,
"Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
"Health or diſtemper; haſten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And tho', for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
"Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
"Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
"'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
"Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."
Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her deathbed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who Rule!
With rev'rence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires;
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,

In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench ev'ry ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd thro' the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
That vengeance, ſoon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Stateſman's Creed.
  Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,

The Chriſtian Creed. Are you ſurpris'd?—Attend;
And on the Stateſman's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—"That they who ſtates compoſe,
"That men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
With means, a rectitude immutable,
A pattern ſure of univerſal right.
What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there are better ſcholars here.
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By Providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpris'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
  Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we regard the politics of Heav'n,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? a ſupplement of this:
Without it juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too;
His propheſy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,

So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious pow'r.
  What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
" Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man,
" Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that's done
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What Highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
  But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inſpir'd)
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and ſacred, drown the Muſe,
Tho' loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning ſong.
Still farther, Holles! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus what ſeem'd my preſumption is thy praiſe.
  Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In ev'ry Britiſh breaſt, true glory riſe,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us ev'ry hour,
Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd.—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the firſt feeble dawn of Moral day;
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend)
Tho' the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here) ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

VERSES

Occaſioned by that famous piece of the

CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO*,

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvaſs dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment; dives in mortal woe;
To rouſe up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts, in horror loſt.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleaſed for this purpoſe. The man being extended, this wonderful artiſt directed that he ſhould be ſtabbed in ſuch parts of the body as he apprehended would occaſion the moſt excruciating torture, that he might repreſent the agonies of death in the moſt natural manner.

AN HISTORICAL

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, thro' cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er, perhaps, was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read,
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade!
Vengeance ſo great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.
  Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
  When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung,
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow,
So ſad the ſcene: what then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?

To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe
From ſuch a ſource!—an emperor's embrace?
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well deſerv'd, and felt, the coward's curſe;
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's pow'r.
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, ſhares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons! ſhout;—auſpicious fortune bleſs;
And cry, Long live—our title to ſucceſs!

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THE END.